"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE SACRIFICE.

A TALE OF DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

BY A TRAVELLER.

UPON a delightful day in the month of June, we agreed for a trip up one of our rivers. The passengers as is usual on such occasions were chiefly composed of fashionably dressed young ladies and gentlemen, who were full of life and merriment, and their ringing voices, as they joined in laughter, floated upon the morning breeze. This boat, need we say, was upon a merry pleasure excursion. The singularity of some of the passengers prompted us to particularize in our observations.

We were soon arrested by the striking beauty of a young lady who shone above all—was the centre of attraction. Every one who approached her gazed upon her with admiration. Various were the expressions that escaped the lips of the passengers relative to her uncommon beauty, her staid loveliness of expression, and her peculiar melancholy cast of countenance.

I scarcely know why, but I at once felt an interest in that young lady, and sought an early opportunity of speaking with her. I did not tarry for a formal introduction, but addressed her in the language of kindness and confidence. I said that I knew she must be a "child of sorrow and acquainted with grief." Upon being thus addressed by a stranger, and in language so peculiar, and to which her heart responded, she appeared surprised, whilst at the same time a deeper shade of sorrow passed over her already careworn brow. She, however, made an evasive reply, that "for the time being she was engaged with thoughts of a gloomy nature, but she hoped they would soon give way to more cheerful ones."

I told her, "if I was not much mistaken, these troublesome thoughts were not transient, but were of a permanent character, engendered by some unhappy event or unfortunate chain of circumstances—or, will you allow a plain, perhaps impertinent, question? Have you never been disappointed in love?"

This interrogatory startled her, and gazing intently in my face with commingled confusion and amazement, she inquired,

"Who are you? Although your face appears strange to me, yet you seem to have some knowledge of myself."

"Not at all; but the human face being an index to the soul, I can, from your downcast, unhappy look, behold traces of sorrow of long standing; otherwise your grief, though recent, must be exceedingly severe."

"Your remarks are true; but pray, my kind sir, who are you, who is thus apparently in possession of the inmost secrets of my heart?"

"My friend, I am a traveller and a man of sorrow. I have always had an interest in those who are in trouble, and feel gratified whenever it is within my power to give relief. You will confer a great favour, my fair friend, if you will but relate to me the cause of your sorrow."

"That, sir, is too great a request, for it would reveal a secret which at present three, and only three, of my dearest friends possess."

"But, lady, I am a traveller, and very probably shall never visit this part of the world again. My own happiness upon earth is blasted forever, and I am now a wanderer, contending against the monster evil Intemperance, and other enemies of my race. I therefore beg that you may lead me into this secret of which you speak. It may profit us both."

"I should be happy to oblige you, sir, as you appear sincere—but, indeed, sir,

you must excuse me from uttering a sentence of the unfortunate circumstance which blasted my happiness forever. I forbear upon the ground that my mother's name would figure conspicuously in its narration, and likewise that of a noble young man who is dearer to me than life itself."

"But, my friend, you need not mention names, but simply give a brief statement of the mere facts and circumstances. This is all I desire. I know you not, and it is almost certain we may never meet again."

"Well, sir, as you appear like a gentleman, and I believe design well, I will proceed to relate briefly the leading circumstances of my sorrow."

So after taking our seats apart from the busy throng, she proceeded to relate the following narrative:—

"Nearly two years ago I became acquainted with a young man who resided several miles from my father's dwelling. It was the first time we had ever met, and he appeared to me, even at this first meeting, to be a noble young man. It is not strange, therefore, that he should at once be enlisted in my favour. By an unforeseen concurrence of circumstances, we were frequently called together, and I became more interested. I could see many noble traits of character in that young man, and the more we became acquainted, the more I saw to admire. His calls became frequent, which proved to me a source of happiness, and caused me to regard him ere long with more than feelings of friendship—and I flattered myself that he was prompted to visit me through an attachment which often binds two willing hearts indissolubly together. He was prompted, need I say, by true affection. I was not mistaken. The frequent and happy communions which we enjoyed for several months, joined us in feeling and sentiment indissolubly together. At length he spoke of the regard he cherished, which had ripened into the more tender emotions of love; and at the same time he solicited my hand in marriage, deferring a decision until next we met. My mind was already determined—and that was, to grant a favourable decision; for my heart was already his.

"But there was an insurmountable barrier to our union that I had dreamed not of. My mother, who had always before consulted my happiness, ardently and successfully resisted me in this. She being an affectionate and devoted mother, could not endure the idea of separating from me. I dearly love my mother, and to promote her happiness I would willingly sacrifice my own. To do this, I was obliged to discard my lover, although it was like tearing out my heart-strings. In a few weeks we met again. My lover was all tenderness—his anticipations were bright, his hope high, and his heart happy and light. I dreaded a repetition of his former proposal, for full well did I know the unhappy result. But the worst must come. He solicited an answer, and my reply was, '*I must decline.*' Had a messenger announced the death of his dearest friend he could not have exhibited more signs of dreadful agony than those three fatal words caused him. We parted.

"The dull months of winter passed sluggishly away, and at the opening of spring by chance we met again and enjoyed a happy communion. Subsequently we were often thrown together, and the ties that existed between us were, if possible, strengthened at each interview. He, at length, again proposed, and we had a lengthy conversation upon the subject which was so closely allied to our future happiness or misery. My resolution to comply with my mother's ardent wish was shaken, and my heart longed to be united with the one for which it throbbed in unison. I was prone to give way to the impulse of struggling affection, but filial love urged me to weigh well the act. In the struggle I resolved to defer a decision until after a more mature reflection.

"The question was momentous. Shall I decide to blast my mother's happiness by uniting in the sacred relation of marriage with the man I loved as I did my own existence?—or shall I promote my mother's happiness and forever blast my own, by bidding him a final adieu? I was in hopes that my mother had become reconciled to a separation; so I once more broached the subject, and unfolded the hidden secrets of my heart to her, hoping that she would, in view of my wretchedness, consent to our union. But she could not give me up! Maternal love was too powerful. Being the only child, the strength of accumulated affection was centred upon me. My resolve was made, and that was to blast my own happiness to promote that of my mother.

"The time at length arrived which must long be remembered as the period when the bright hopes of a noble heart would be crushed. I could scarcely summon courage to meet the occasion. But we met. With a light and happy heart he again repeated, 'Will you be mine?' Would that I could have obeyed with impunity the promptings of my soul! How unspeakably happy I should have been in the utterance of '*I am thine!*' But cruel fortune ordered otherwise. It was again my bitter task to freeze his soul by telling him that we must part again, and part for ever. This was the second time I had declined his offer of marriage. Had this been made known to the reproachful world, what a fruitful field for slander would have been presented! How many would have been in readiness to have pronounced him deficient in spirit and unworthy a lady's love! But, oh, sir, he is possessed of a noble spirit and a true, warm heart. His love was sincere; and I adore him the more because he made the second effort. It is needless for me to say that our last interview was attended with wretchedness that language cannot describe. We parted to *meet no more.*

"Since that time happiness has been a stranger to me. I endeavoured to forget my lover; but, alas, I tried in vain. Time only served to add strength to the attachment. He became to me far dearer than life itself. Would to God it was again within my power to make another decision! It would dry up fountains of tears, crown my happiness upon earth, and would eventually render my poor mother happy again. But it is too late—too late. The idol of my heart, driven by despair, is in the wilds of Australia, with a fixedness of purpose never to return. And here am I, in the bloom of youth, groaning under the agony of blighted affection, and wasting away gradually with a broken heart. My happiness upon earth, sir, is eternally blasted, and death will be a welcome visitor."

She could say no more. I listened attentively to her melancholy narrative, and by it was moved to tears. I saw before me a form of female loveliness, still in youth, and with a heart as pure as the dreams of the infant mind, unstained by sin. Yet my heart could melt to think that that loveliness was wasting away slowly but surely; that bloom of youth was fading, and that pure, meek heart was withering in its agony. I thanked the young lady for her kindness and confidence, spoke words of consolation, such as I could, and ere long bade her farewell, and left the boat. * * * *

Six months after the above interview, I had occasion to visit the village of M——. While there, I gave a series of lectures upon the subject of temperance, and also upon the "Constitution of Man." During one of my lectures I dwelt at length upon the subject of the "human affections." I alluded to the destroying and dreadful effect that blighted affection had upon the system. I instanced the young lady whom I had met a few months before, and narrated to the best ability her history. I cited to other persons who had undergone the terrors of blighted affection, many of whom had found rest only in the embrace of the grave.

At the close of my address I was met by a middle-aged lady, who appeared borne down with grief. She grasped me by the hand, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed "Would to God I had heard your voice and these words a year ago! They would have saved the life of my only, my cherished daughter."

Upon inquiry I ascertained that her daughter had passed away but one month previous, who proved to be the identical young lady to whom reference was made in my address. That fond mother exclaimed, "Oh, I am guilty of murdering my daughter! I would not allow her to marry the man of her choice—a worthy young man he was—because I adored her, and could not endure a separation. I supposed she would eventually forget the man who had gained her affections. But, alas, I was sadly mistaken! The bloom of health faded from her cheek, her buoyant spirits became depressed, and she began to verge on the tomb. While prostrate upon a sick-bed, visions of her loved one filled her flighty, fevered dreams, and just before her lips were closed in death she murmured his name. Oh, God, I am my daughter's murderess! I was so cruel and so selfish that I blasted her happiness, and sent her wasted, lifeless form to the grave! Heaven knows I did it ignorantly."

That mother is to-day sleeping in the

embrace of death, by the side of her loved daughter, having also died of a *broken heart!*

Alas, how many fond mothers there are who have fallen into the same fatal error—yea, been guilty of the same crime. Let me add a word of remonstrance to this class. Mothers, if you really love your daughters, make that love manifest by consulting *their* happiness as well as your own. If they are about to place their affections upon an unworthy object, curb them *then*—nip their affection in the bud. But when you find your daughter has set her affections upon one every way worthy her hand, do not, I beseech you, interfere with the relation. No crime is greater than breaking virtuous matrimonial engagements, for frequently it either takes the life of its broken-hearted victims, or else, worse than a thousand deaths, plunges into infamy and woe.

Let me also add a few words of caution to young men who are less excusable than a fond mother with an only child. The most cruel unmanly conduct of which any young man is capable, is to seek the affection of any young woman by apparent solicitude for her love, and acts of kindness towards her until her pure affection rests upon him. And all this through foul wickedness and to boast among his companions, like the silly, unfortunate L'Angelier, who recently perished at Glasgow through arsenic, who had boasted he was quite a lady's favourite, and knew not how many loved him. Young men, sport not with the affection of woman. Better become a burglar or highwayman, which are much less criminal, than the cool, cruel robber, through false pretences, of a young woman's heart. How many of the unfortunate females of our large cities and towns, whose company is shunned by every virtuous person, and are sunk in the lowest infamy and depths of misery, were once the virtuous, intelligent, lovely daughters of some of the happiest and best families of our land, who have been robbed of their peace and purity by the worthless and wicked pretensions of some young man. As sure as there is a God in heaven and punishment for the evil-doer, there is a certain heavy curse and just retribution awaiting all such evil-doers. The surest mark of noble youth and virtuous manhood, is due regard for the feelings and affections of woman.

Would that mankind duly estimated this consecrated emotion, and trifled with it no more than they would with death.

As one has said;

"It engenders that lost, reckless don't-care state of mind which blasts ambition, cripples effort, quenches the spirit of aspiration, shrinks from sight and breeds a desire to die, plants disease, and finally bears its unhappy victim down into a premature grave.

"See that loved maiden, all life and health and happiness; her eyes sparkling with joy; her step graceful and elastic; her full chest glowing with health and beauty, and her whole nature overflowing with happiness. But behold her now—her affections withered with disappointment; her fondest hopes forever blasted. She becomes pale and languid; she is sedate, subdued and broken-hearted; she pines in mind and sickens in body; she becomes incurable, the best medical aid having lost its wonted power. She finally sinks into a premature grave from a broken heart.

"The welcome grave alone can assuage her grief. Young women die by thousands, ostensibly by consumptions, fevers and nervous affections, but caused in fact by blighted love, the most prolific parent of these and other forms of disease. As well bury them alive as blast their love, because the latter will soon kill them by inches."

These words are emphatic and startling. If we give them due reflection, they can awaken within us proper views of the marriage relation, and cause us to trifle with its sacredness no more than with death. We are, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," and the great Builder of our natures has made the love which unites the sexes the most powerful emotion of our nature, so that an interruption of this law often dethrones reason, blasts happiness, and finally bears its victims to a premature grave. Beware, then, fond mother, how you trifle with the affections of your daughters. Better by far sacrifice the happy communion of their society than shortly to weep over their cold and lifeless clay.

NO CHANGE AFTER DEATH.

It is very plain that multitudes give their assent to this strange position merely because it has been a common church-saying, without stopping to inquire for the basis upon which it is supposed to rest. Nor do the Rabbis of this stern theology understand the matter much better than the masses who give it their easy and unqualified assent. For Trinitarian Christianity itself not only implies, but very distinctly affirms important moral changes after death. This can be readily shown; and we propose to specify, briefly, a few instances which will both illustrate and justify this remark.

1. It affirms that virtue is not fully rewarded, nor vice adequately punished, in the present world. A future world is *inferred* upon this ground; another state is necessary to vindicate the equity and justice of God. Wicked men here often escape the punishment of their sins. The righteous often go unrewarded, and are contemned and scorned. Rewards and punishments are not equally distributed here. But in the next world exact justice will be meted out. This strange aspect of our affairs will cease. Our circumstances will be entirely changed by death. Virtue will triumph, and vice be cast down. The righteous will be perfectly holy and perfectly happy: the wicked will be utterly sinful and utterly wretched forever! And thus, as every man will perceive, this theory implies a very important change in the condition both of the righteous and the wicked after death.

2. In another respect the *righteous* will be changed. In this world they love and yearn over wicked men. They are not willing that any should perish, and sink down into the world of despair and woe. They pray and labour for the salvation of the world. They weep over the bare thought that even a single soul must be lost forever. The prospect of eternal woe for one of their own kindred of friends drives them almost to despair! But in heaven there will be no effort, nor prayer, nor desire, for the recovery of the lost.—Not one tear will ever be shed over that world of woe! There will be no room for doubt or conjecture there. Their vision will be clear. Parents will be saved, and children lost: children will be saved and parents lost. Yet not one tear will fall in heaven! the saved will look down upon the torments of the lost and contemplate their eternal condition without one emotion of sorrow or grief! *How* this can be is a point which has never been very well cleared up. At best it is a mere conjecture, a mere guess. Perhaps it is said, we cannot see the lost, and shall know nothing of their condition or fate. Perhaps what we call natural affection will be wholly unknown in heaven. Perhaps our nature may in this respect be entirely changed. But of one thing they are well assured, and that is this: the righteous will be *so changed* as to be entirely reconciled to the eternal damnation of the lost! We cannot well imagine how those who occupy this ground can complain of us for maintaining a moral change after death.

3. But in this view there will be an extraordinary change in the condition of wicked men after death. Here bad men forsake their evil ways and reform their habits and lives; but in the next world reformation will be an impossible thing. Before death men can repent; but after death they cannot. They have power to sin, but no power to forsake their evil ways and return to God. In that world they *must sin*, and persist in sin, onward and forever. It is an awful doctrine to contemplate: it is enough to make one's blood freeze in his veins to dwell upon it. But we marvel how any man who believes it can complain of us for holding that wicked men can *repent* after death.

4. Does not Trinitarian Christianity maintain an entire change in the character and government of God? Here, God loves sinners, and desires their salvation. He gave his beloved Son for their redemption. He sends forth his spirit to renew them. He is not willing that any should perish, but is perpetually striving to call sinners to repentance and salvation. But his love for the sinner expires with the sinner's fleeting breath. At death his mercy is utterly withdrawn, and in his infinite wrath He will punish without mercy and without end. Thus death changes God. Here, He loves the sinful; but after death He does not. Here, He seeks their salvation; but after death He does not. Here, He labours for their salvation; but after death he does not. He removes them from this world, and places them by his

own act where no man can cease from his transgressions, but where evil men and spirits, confined in one dungeon of despair, will progress in evil and increase in misery and wretchedness forever. He compels them to remain where not one pure affection can be cherished, but where every mouth will curse his name, and every heart be filled with blasphemy and sin. And those who maintain all this, reproach us for maintaining that God's infinite grace is not limited to earth or time, and that hereafter, as well as here, sinners can repent and return to God.

5. Yet *once* more,—Have we not been charged by the very persons who hold this doctrine, with believing in what has an immoral tendency. "Your doctrine is very licentious. If I believed as you do, I would lie, cheat, steal, blaspheme the name of God—I would throw off all restraint and live as I pleased. If it were not for the fear of hell, I would enjoy myself at once." So we have heard them say.—Yes, those who professed to be converted and all ready for heaven. Now, all who bring such a charge against our views candid reader, mark the dilemma they place themselves in; they are ready for heaven with this very disposition, and when they get to heaven the *fear of hell will be removed*, then they can live without restraint; and now we ask, will they go on sinning for ever, or will they have in heaven the *disposition to sin* with no fear before their eyes? Surely not, we charitably believe. There must be a change even *in them* after death.

THE JEWISH RELIGION.

THE following are the Articles of Faith of the modern Jew:

I believe that God is only One and never divides His glory with another being.

I believe that He, the inscrutable Spirit of all spirits, never assumes the form of anything in the heavens or upon the earth.

I believe that He, the Father of all mankind, has created us in his likeness, has invested our conscious minds with freedom and immortality, and has elevated us by this to the degree of a son of His.

I believe that man, like every other being, emanates from the hand of God, good and pure; that he, therefore, is born free from a sinful state, and possesses the natural capacity to conquer sin fully and entirely.

I believe that man has the destiny to walk in the ways of God, to look upon Him, the Saint, in all thinkings and aimings, doings and omittings, as his prototype, and to sanctify in this manner his inner and outer life.

I believe that the doctrine and the law of such a sanctification has been revealed by God to Moses, the greatest of the prophets, upon the Mount of Sinai, and that the fidelity to this doctrine and this law effects blessedness already in this world, but especially in the world to come.

I believe that the intimate connection between God and man is done by no other mediation than by the imperishable spirit living in us, and by the strict obedience to the revealed word of God; and that also the sinner can obtain expiation and salvation, but this only by the means of sincere repentance and real return to the Most Holy.

I believe that God has chosen Israel for a nation of priests, who shall communicate to all inhabitants of the earth, the doctrine of the earth, the doctrine of the only one and His holy will, that by the mediation of Israel the true knowledge and veneration of God shall once become a common treasure to all men, and that the time of such a fraternization of all nations forms the true Messiah's kingdom.

I believe that, therefore, every member of the Israelitish Community is under a special obligation to pay homage to God by a faithful living according to the word of God, and by a pure life in light, truth, and virtue, to glorify Him everywhere, and to contribute in this way for his part to the approaching of the promised Messianic time.

And so I vow that I will live with all my heart, all my soul, and all my might, according to this belief; that I will, as a true Israelite, never deviate from the obligations emanating from it, never to the right nor to the left, and that I will also seal it in death with the profession of the Israelites: "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah is our God, Jehovah is one."

SABBATH

AMONG THE PERTHSHIRE HILLS.

It is sabbath morn. Why does God send such a brightness and a sweetness on this morning, to be despised, and purposely avoided, and hidden from human eyes? is a question which forces itself upon my attention. Here I sit, my window-blinds are all down, and they are to remain so. "This is the Lord's Day," I am told. I know it is the day on which Christ arose from the tomb, he burst the barriers of the grave and came to light, why should it be a day of gloom and bitter observance. All the light, and freshness, and glory of creation should be allowed their full force upon the human soul this day, this high day, but here it is a day of morose musing; spread before me I find many heavy dull books, of what in my own home I was won't to call extinct theology. From my reach every book is gone of interest or of pleasantness. I may read in this half-lighted room about God's decree of wrath on fallen man, of horrid hell, and infants damned. "'Tis for my spiritual good," they tell me. I feel it is. I'll go forth from this land of darkness with giant's strength to pull this superstition down. The children, poor things, so full of life and youthful fire, feel this unnatural stillness. I see they dare not laugh, but dare they smile, that is felt to be on the borders of sin. So all is grave. The room is grave. The lessons grave. The children grave, for it is sabbath day. This is keeping holy the sabbath day.

There is a little garden adjoining the house, may I venture in? ah, no!

You'll scarce believe it. The following was told me:—A stranger happened to be here and thinking there was no harm in walking round this little garden ventured to do so. It happened to be the minister's guest who walked round the minister's garden, a stranger too, who had not been forewarned—ah, fatal walk—some one had seen him, how, no one can tell, for all must have darkened windows, and look only at the ground when proceeding to kirk, such is the custom at this place among these hills. He was seen, a kirk meeting was called, the evidence was conclusive, the godly minister was to be waited on and reproved for not giving stricter orders about his grounds to all inmates of his manse. A sermon the next sabbath must be preached from the text, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." And then, and not till then, could it be thought the church was free from the hienous crime of garden walking on the sabbath.

I found the doctor of the place rather tainted with heresy on this subject. It is right to mention though he is, yet he is not so far gone but thinks it right that windows should be curtained on sabbath days. "In short," said he, "they go too far for me. A good woman, my neighbour, a strict observer too, who had a daughter down the town very unwell, ventured when all was dark to walk down and ask admittance to spend a little time with her daughter that night, thinking she might do her good. Shockingly she was repulsed. "We'll have no Sunday visiting here," bawled the husband from within, "go home, go home, ye sabbath breaker." Thus was she saluted." He continued, "See that house by the water side; I had occasion one Saturday to attend to the lady's confinement who lives there. She is a delicate woman. I had my fears about her when I left on the Saturday night. I knocked next day to see my patient, admittance, sir, was sternly refused because it was sabbath day; and as I knew her perilous condition at the time my blood was raised, I protested against such treatment, all in vain. I have never called since. I presume they think themselves well quit of such an ungodly man. I think I was right in calling," said the doctor. One case more of great hardship I know, told me by the sufferer himself, a most trustworthy man. "In my own daughter's house I resided for a few weeks among these hills. I was troubled much with shortness of breath and a severe cough. I was not able to attend divine service. I was strictly forbidden to walk out into their little garden, or to take a walk in the fields. I dreaded the coming of the sabbath, though at my home the sweetest day of all the seven. You may imagine my position pent up from Saturday night until Monday morn. I thanked God, when the Lord's Day, as they called it, was past."

So is the sabbath held in many parts of Scotland, to the injury of the dearest interests and ties of human kind.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The Indian War has given rise to remarks, in many of our public places and papers, on Christian Missions. Some have been very ready to remark that the war is a judgement. Heaven has sent it upon our heads for our want of interest and exertion on behalf of those nations of India which have been so long under British Authority, and yet we have been asleep to the great moral and religious interests of the vast population of India. And we are further guilty; for the mere sake of secular gain we have been dodging between heathenism and christianity; patronising christian churches and the great temple of Juggernaut, serving two masters God and Gold, hence the war. Others again have taken another view of the question. They would crucify christian conscience and serve the lust for Indian possessions and Indian peace and sacrifice every effort to redeem these millions of people from darkness and superstition. We have no business they say to send our nostrums among the Hindoos. We only set them against us. We excite their prejudices. It is our Christian Missionaries that disturb the peace of our Indian Empire. They should be disallowed.

So write christian men who have read a hundred times the words of him they call master, "Go ye out into *all the world* and preach the gospel." That quiet, prosperous, trade and commerce is the first and great commandment of these people. They would profess anything, believe anything, conform to anything; like the Gypsies who vow, bow, swear allegiance to any creed or country, and if required to take opposite vows the day after for their peace and safety do so, and profess they never think about the matter at all, but just do it and take no more heed. This soulless way of life we detest above all heresy and error. We honour first of all the man who comes boldly out for the right, and next to him the man who comes boldly and bravely out for the wrong, while we despise as the meanest of men those who will commit themselves to nothing, but are always halting between two opinions for some sinister and secular purpose, and to find favour with all. The man who objects to missionary effort that we may hold our possessions quietly and trade prosperously, will ultimately loose the respect of the heathen as well as the Christian, a desert he justly deserves.

We honour those men, we cannot express the veneration we feel for those who leave our land with their lives in their hands, for a foreign and most sickly clime. Hundreds, from our Christian Churches speed their way to the lands of the illiterate, barbarous, and savage, to speak to them of human duty, conscience, God, Christ, and resurrection. Few, very few of them return to tell the story of their troubles. In seeking to make human hearts happy, they are exposed to the attacks of wild beasts and cruel tribes, the fearful tempest, burning fever, and premature death. These are not the men of whom we should speak lightly. According to their conscience, they make a great sacrifice in this world of comfort and all the pleasures that belong to civilized life. It is little as we can do to tread reverently on their graves, speak respectfully of their memories, and extol to the high heavens that religion which can produce such disinterested philanthropic spirits. You may not, as we do not, assent to many of the peculiar tenets taught by these men, and which among many good things they go out to teach the heathen. Yet surely if in England we can laud the chivalrous eight hundred brave soldiers, who through some misunderstanding or error, charged the enemy at Balaklava, and sacrificed their lives for no mortal good, surely, with the vast amount of gospel truth they teach —although in many points in error—we may speak well of those good men who peril or sacrifice their lives in the cause their hearts espouse and their master commands.

There is one thing of grave importance to which, as Christian Unitarians, we ought carefully to attend. As we believe that the efforts put forth to Christianize the world do not meet with that success they otherwise would were the whole of the doctrines preached truly rational and scriptural, and fully and simply the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Jew is unapproachable by the Christian missionary, because he comes with a God-man for a Messiah. The Mahommedan is never found a convert to Christianity, because he cannot accept of the Trinity. He believes in One God. We have read of African chiefs confronting our trinitarian missionaries about vicarious

sacrifices, and making very unfavourable remarks about the nature of a God desiring the death of an innocent Son to satisfy his justice, as unworthy of their worship. We have heard from missionaries the difficulty they have to explain the doctrines falsely called evangelical.

To illustrate this we will relate an incident which we read in a Missionary letter a few years ago. The writer undertook to give his friends at home some idea of the trials and difficulties which they, the Missionaries, found in their efforts to instruct the heathen in the "*Evangelical*" doctrines of Christianity. He related that on an occasion when he had been earnestly labouring to enforce the holy doctrine of the trinity and vicarious atonement upon a goodly audience assembled in a grove, one of their leading men came forward and confronted him thus :—

Hindoo.—You say that Jesus Christ was God.

Missionary.—Yes.

Hindoo.—What, and Jesus Christ died?

Missionary.—Yes.

Hindoo.—Then Jesus Christ couldn't be God, for God never died.

I then, says the Missionary, explained to him the mystery of the incarnation of Christ, his double nature, how that God took on himself the nature of man, being born of a woman, and in that nature suffered and died,—when the dialogue was thus renewed :—

Hindoo.—Then you say that Jesus Christ was born of a woman ?

Missionary.—Yes.

Hindoo.—Then Jesus Christ couldn't be God, for God was never born of a woman.

Missionary.—That wouldn't follow of course, for many of your gods were born of women, and some of them died.

"Then," says the Missionary in his letter referred to, "they all squalled out, 'He don't know nothing!' he don't know nothing!'"

And sure enough, the letter itself betrays the fact that the Missionary "didn't know nothing." The Hindoos had the most common sense on religious matters in general, and they saw that he was ignorant of their mythology. They believe in a self-existent, supreme, unchangeable Deity, who appoints subordinate petty-gods over different departments of the world's affairs. And these petty deities were they, whom their mythological writings regard as having been born of women, or begotten by other methods, and having passed through the change called death, and the like. But they understood the Missionary's God that he was preaching to them to be the supreme God. It was so. And of course his attempt to parry the force of their objection to his theory of God born of a woman, and dying, by referring to their fables concerning their *subordinate deities*, was either a piece of stupidity, or else of criminal evasion. And the Indians were right in squalling out, "He don't know nothing! he don't know nothing!"

Oh that the pure word of Heaven's truth might be carried to those starving nations, which should address their reason and moral sense, and verify the vision of the prophet, "And the Desire of all nations shall come."

Christian Unitarians, therefore, work until the glorious gospel go forth fair as the sun to all the nations of the world. We are placed in England in a peculiar position for effecting much good, for sowing religious truth broad cast over the earth. We hold an important position in Europe as a great nation, one of the greatest powers. How much America is affected by English sentiment and thought we are told. Africa affords us, from stations of great importance, a field for useful Christian work. Of Asia nearly two hundred millions of human beings are under our care. Australia which may become a sun among the South Sea Islands is ours. Depend on it God has not given us this peculiar position for nothing. Committed to us are everlasting truths and we must work. We send out our produce in the form of art and manufacture which is almost worshipped. Our scholarly ability among the untaught nations command their reverence. Our clothing, engineering, and architecture command their respect. Hearken; our religious teachers go and they experience *considerable difficulty*. That which should enrapture and elevate the human soul, in repeated cases they have ably controverted and contrasted most unfavourably with their notions of deity. Oh, had these noble-minded men always spoken to them of God, and Christ, and Heaven, as the bible teacheth, they would undoubtedly had the same success as the men of commerce and trade.

THE RECLAIMED.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

THERE is no power on earth will make a man a fiend like the power of drink. One circumstance in my own reminiscences I will give to you. I was asked by an individual to go and see the hardest case in their town. I said:

"I have no right to go and see him; he will say to me, 'Who sent you to me; who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your own business and I will mind mine; you wait till you are sent for; and when I want you, I will send for you.' I have no right," I said, "to go to him."

"Well," said he, "he is a hard case; he beat a daughter of his, fourteen years of age, with a shoemaker's strap, so that she will carry the marks to the grave."

Said I, "He's a brute."

"His wife is very ill now with a fever, and the doctor says she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you get at him now, I think you might do him good."

I thought I would go. I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been to one or two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me. Said he:

"Mr. Gough, I believe!"

"Yes, that is my name: would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?"

"Certainly," said he; "come in."

So I got in. I sat on one side of the table, and he sat on the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half-way open that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked with him about everything I could think of but the subject; I talked of trade and crops, and railroads, and money matters, and then drinking and he headed me off again. I looked and I thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet."

I was about to give it up; but, I think providentially, I saw the children. I said to him:

"You've got two bright looking children there, sir."

"O! yes, yes, bright little things!"

Said I, "You love your children, don't you, sir?"

"Bless the children, to be sure I love them."

Said I, "Wouldn't you do anything to benefit your children?"

He looked at me as if he thought something was coming after.

"Well, to be sure, sir," said he, "a man ought to do everything to benefit his children."

Then I stood up, so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said:

"Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore you won't be angry. Suppose you never use any more intoxicating liquor, don't you think your children would be better off?"

"Well, well," said he, "you have got me this time."

Said I, "You have a good wife, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, as good a wife as ever a good man had for a wife."

"And you love your wife?"

"To be sure I do; it is natural that a man should love his wife."

"And you would do anything you could to please your wife?"

"Well, I ought to."

"Suppose you were to sign a temperance pledge, would that please her?"

"By thunder! I rather think it would; I could not do the thing that would please my wife like that. If I was to put my name down there, why, the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks."

"As she is sick," said I, "you will do it?"

"Yes, I guess I will do it," and he at once opened a closet, took out a pen and ink, I spread out a pledge, and he wrote his name.

The children had been listening with eyes, ears, and mouths wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principles of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed, one said to the other:

"Father has signed the pledge!"

"O, my!" said the other, "now I'll go and tell my mother," and away she ran into the other room.

But the mother had heard it; and I listened to her, calling:

"Luke! Luke! come in here a moment."

Said he, "Come in here along with me; come in and see my wife."

I went and stood by her bedside. The face was ghastly pale, the eye large and sunk deep in its socket; and with her long, thin, and bony fingers, she gripped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began telling me what a good husband she had.

"Luke," said she, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children and is very kind to them; but the drink, O! the drink makes terrible difficulty." That difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know anything about it.

The man shook like a leaf, he snatched the hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night dress from her shoulder, and said:

"Look at that!" and on her white, thin neck, close to her shoulder, was a bad mark of a bruise. I felt my flesh creep. Said he, "Look at that, sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon her bed; and she has told you that she has a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed-clothes in his hands, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said:

"Don't cry, Luke; don't, please don't; you wouldn't have struck me if it had not been for the drink. Mr. Gough, don't you believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived. Don't cry, Luke!"

HUMILITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FABLE.

From the side of a mountain there flowed a little rivulet. Its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveller. This brook although so small, was not inspired with a good spirit, and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I was a cloud to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully as those lovely shapes are coloured, and never descend again in showers; or at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unguarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied:—

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty which though humble you must not neglect. Besides who knows what may be your future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their chrystal waters into it, and swelled its deepened bosom, in which began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully and glistening to the sun. As its channel grew wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a menacing course through a teeming country, refreshing whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a character of beauty.

As it moved on in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently heaving billows formed itself into the following words:—

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring in its own reward. How little I dreamed, when I first sprung on my course, what purposes I was destined to fulfil.—What happy beings were to owe their bless to me!—What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career. Let not the meek and lowly despair, Heaven will supply them with inducements to virtue.

SCRIPTURAL EXPLANATIONS.

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give [or rather, what would he not give] in exchange for his soul?"—Matt. xvi. 26.

By losing the soul, here, is generally understood the soul's loss of the image of God, or its loss of salvation hereafter. Can an unregenerate soul lose the image of God? Can it lose what it does not possess? It is said that Adam, and by his sin, all his posterity, actually lost the image of God in the Garden of Eden. Being lost, it is no longer possessed. The soul's loss of the image of God, then, is not a problematical thing—it is not a loss that *may* take place,—but is one already amongst the past, unalterable facts. How much of the image of God is there in total depravity? All unregenerate souls are said to be totally depraved. But it is said the soul loses its eternal salvation. We ask again—can the soul lose that which it never had? Did an unregenerate soul ever experience the joys of salvation? Certainly not. Then, of course, it can never lose what it never had to lose. Let all who hold the present popular views of human nature, salvation, and damnation, and call in this text as evidence, think this matter over again, and see the palpable discord with their conclusions, from this passage it really presents.

It should be noticed, that nothing is said in the text about the soul's losing the image of God, its future happiness, its chance for eternal salvation, or any thing else. The loss spoken of is on the part of man as a whole, not on the part of the soul in particular. He is said to be in danger of losing his soul; but his soul is not said to be in danger of losing anything whatever. Now if a person loses anything he no longer has it. And if he loses his soul, why, then he no longer possesses a soul. It is gone from him. And if the soul is the immortal principle within him, and if he loses that, it follows that his immortality is at an end, and of course he cannot, suffer misery, any more than he can enjoy happiness forever. It is annihilation. Do those who quote the above text, believe that when a man loses his soul he loses the immortality of his existence, and that, therefore, his misery ceases with the extinction of his being?

The whole of these absurdities are dissipated by one clear, direct ray of light which remains to be shed upon this text. The word rendered *soul* in the text does not signify the immortal principle in man, which can never die, nor lose the image of its Maker, nor the salvation which Christ secured for it, but simply the *animal life*. The word in Greek is *psuke*, which in this and the preceding verse occurs four times, and should have been translated uniformly in all four of the cases into the same English word. But the translators—for some strange reason or other, have in the 25th verse rendered it *life*, and in the 26th *soul*. The two verses read as follows: "For whosoever will save his *life* (*psuke*,) shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his *life*, (*psuke*,) for my sake, shall find it. For what is profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own *soul*, (*psuke*,) or what shall a man give in exchange for his *soul*? (*psuke*.) If *psuke* means soul, the immortal principle, in the last two instances, it certainly means the same in the two first. And did our Lord mean to say that if a man should *save* his soul he shall *lose* it therefore? Or that he must be willing to lose his soul if he would save it? Impossible. Men are required to be anxious for, not indifferent to, their soul's salvation. The truth is, the word should have read life throughout, and the whole subject would have been plain and intelligible.

Dr. Adam Clark, on this text, says as follows: "On what authority many have translated the word *psuke* in the 25th verse *life*, and in this (26th) *soul*, I know not, but am *certain* it means *life* in both places. If a man should gain the whole world, its riches, honours and pleasures, and lose his *life*, what would all these profit him, seeing they could only be enjoyed during life,"

Dr. Campbell translates the text thus:—"What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world *with the forfeit of his life*? Or what will a man not give in ransom for his life?"

The love of life is the strongest passion of nature; and a man on the bed of death would willingly give the riches of the Indies or the wealth of the world, if he had it, for the ransom of his life. This is the simple meaning of the text.

2 "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell."—Matt. x, 28.

There is nothing in this text to favour the doctrine of the endless misery of the wicked in another world. The doctrine of the annihilation of those who fear not God receives some support from the passage before us, if it has reference to a state of punishment in another world. Mark! when the teacher of eternal torments uses this text it proves too much for him. Man can kill the body, and we know what that means; hence to destroy both soul and body can never be explained to keep them alive for ever and for ever. God never threatens with a doom he cannot, or never means, to execute; so granting a literal meaning to the passage, the cold hand of annihilation lies on the face of the text in direct opposition to the theory of endless woe.

We do not believe that the passage even refers to the doctrine of the annihilation of the human soul.

The word rendered hell is in the original *gehenna*. Literally, it means the valley of Hinnom, which is on the south side of Jerusalem, and is sometimes called Tophet, where a fire was kept burning for hundreds of years, as the filth of the city and occasionally dead bodies were thrown into it. It was continually a place of worms, from the corruption accumulated as a prey, and of fire for the destruction of filth and animal matter. Worms were always there, and the fire was never allowed to go out. These things are affirmed by all Jewish historians, hence the phrase, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and this is the place so often rendered hell, and believed by the English reader to refer to some region apart from this world. It is also admitted that the phrase "*soul and body*" was proverbial among the Jews meaning *root and branch*, see Isa. x., 18, a passage which shows that the terms were used without reference to the destruction of the immortal spirit. So Christ taught his disciples that men might kill their bodies, deprive them of an earthly existence, but could not blot out their remembrance, It is a power that belongs to God alone, to cast root and branch, body and soul, into everlasting darkness. Our Saviour was speaking to his disciples, that regardless of danger they should go forth, not fearing what man could do unto them; but to fear, in not being faithful to the great mission in which they were engaged, what God could do unto them.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

PRACTICAL PREACHING.

"We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that, among other things, set forth the duties of a Christian landlord. A broker who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the "New Testament spirit." A merchant whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day, swore a false invoice through the custom-house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection! They have nothing invested in these subjects; they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample pew rents, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich Christian brother owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. A merchant that plies his craft with unscrupulous appliance of every means that win, he too wants "doctrine" on the Sabbath, not those secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque is to be built. They wish to do what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their consciences, and furnish them a clear ticket and assurance of heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and mammon, at the same time."

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

"A sermon may be a very proper thing as Sunday work, and may help to bridge the way to heaven when a bridge shall be required; but on Monday a man must attend to his business, and act according to the maxims of his trade, of his party, of his corporation, of his vestry. Then the respectable turf-hunter will stake his last thousand on the leg of a racing-horse, and think it quite like a Christian gentleman to allow his tailor's bill to lie unpaid for another year; then the respectable Highland proprietor will refuse to renew the lease to the industrious poor cottar on his estate, that the people for whom he cares nothing may make way for the red deer, whom it is his only passion to stalk; then a respectable corporation, to maintain their own 'vested rights,' will move heaven and earth to prevent the national Parliament from acting on the plainest rules of justice and common sense, in a matter seriously affecting the public well-being; and the respectable members of society shall flutter round the gilded waxlights of aristocracy, and perform worship at Hudson's statue, and have respect to men with gold rings and goodly apparel, and do everything that is expressly forbidden in the second chapter of the Epistle of James, which they profess to receive as a divine rule of conduct. These are only one or two of the more glaring points in which our more commonly received maxims and practice of respectable British life run directly in the face of that highest morality which the most religious and church-going Englishman professes to acknowledge as his rule of conduct. Exactly such an issue Plato had with the respectabilities of Athens in his day."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BABY AND I.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

We sit on the nursery matting,
Baby and I;
With gingerbread, playing, and chatting,
The moments fly.
Oh! the castles that fall in the making,
Yet leaves no hearts beggared and aching;
Oh! the treasures that double in making,
For Baby and I.

We're out in the soft May weather,
Baby and I;
We roll on the sward together,
When none are by.
Let no fashionist peep—it might fright him!
No philosopher—how we should spite him!
But an artist—oh! sure we'd delight him,
Baby and I.

We're down in the butter-cup meadows,
Baby and I;
By the brook where the sycamore shadows
Fall tremulously.
We tear the young buds asunder,
To find if a fairy lives under,
Looking up at each other in wonder—
Baby and I.

We're up at day's earliest glinting,
Baby and I;
To watch the first hyacinth tinting
The orient sky;
And when the young eve-star comes peeping,
To see why the young roses are weeping,
Silent watch at the casement we're keeping,
Baby and I.

We nestle both heads in one pillow,
Baby and I;
And a launch on the Lethean billow,
In unison try.
But ever sweet slumber is nearest
To the eyes that are bluest and clearest;
Ah! we know which to angels is dearest,
Baby or I.

We may walk in the future with sorrow,
Baby and I;
Yet hope's ever rosy to-morrow
Shall gild the sky;
The wing that the tempest has driven,
Soars whitest and truest to Heaven;
And we know where the storm cloud is riven,
Baby and I.

And while life's brightest blessings we cherish,
Baby and I;
May one hope that can fade not nor perish,
Be fixed on high.
That when ended, its strife and endeavour,
We may rest where no evil shall sever,
In the arms of the Father forever—
Baby and I.

CHILDREN.—I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor;" but he straight received this answer, "Nay, my Lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth.—*Bishop Hall's Life.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

"I have seen, in Jersey," says a writer in Blackwood, "what will be seen no more. The pillory in the Royal Square has been removed. No more will men and women be stripped and publicly whipped. The loathsome sights and shrieks of that place *are no more*. Jersey has grown humanised enough to relinquish these brutalities. This is a sign of the onward movement of the world. Thank God."

A Sensible Father.—The *Sunday Atlas* says that a gentleman of wealth, who never cared to mingle in fashionable society, has settled £3,000 a year on a daughter who had married to his satisfaction. In speaking on the subject to a friend, the other day, he remarked he was willing to do the same by his other daughters, on one condition, that they married respectable, upright, and industrious young men. He did not care how poor they were, if they were only of this description, and their characters would bear investigation.

Some interpreter of prophecies fancies he has discovered a prediction of Railways in the book of Nahum, ii. 4, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Here are their swiftness, fiery appearance, and verily the collisions spoken of. Sir Isaac Newton avowed his conviction that the book of Daniel gave information of a time of quick travelling and an extensive diffusion of knowledge from the words in the xii. c. and 4 v., "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."

Customs of the various Nations in their Repasts.—The Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire to the most hidden parts of their houses, and draw down the cloths which serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. An absurd reason is alleged for this misanthropical repast; they will never eat with one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity, and as it is a difficult matter to settle this affair, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the inhabitants of the Phillipines are remarkably social. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. The master of the house absents himself, when his guests regale at his table with undisturbed revelry. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks, but their food is served up in dishes, out of which they eat in common; and for this purpose every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, eat separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide, two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, parents and children, have each their special basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, then turn their backs, and take their meal in silence.

Among the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit his visitors to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France the host wearies himself with singing to divert the company while they eat.

The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he open his mouth; they then clap their hands and dance before him.

How to be Loved.—The late Hon. William Wirt wrote to his daughter:—"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small, sweet courtesies in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

The *Ohio Statesman* says a Methodist divine of Columbus, a few Sundays since, administered a most severe rebuke to a common custom, in these days, of reading advertisements from the pulpit. A paper was handed to him giving notice that "The Introductory Lecture of the Annual Course would be delivered on Monday night, at a certain medical institution in that city. The preacher said he had conscientious scruples against cheating the printer by making such announcements from the pulpit; that he never heard such advertisements read in church without reminding him of the old deacon in Alexandria, who, on a certain occasion, exhorted in most earnest and vehement language the sinners in his congregation to repent, or they would all go to hell as sure as there was flour for sale at Alexandria, and he was sure there was flour there, for he had received just the day before a fine assortment, which he would sell as cheap as any man in the city.

A Female Religious Duel.—The *Correspondence Havas* has the following account of a female religious duel:—"The Swiss Protestants are absorbed by a serio-comic topic. It is a feminine duel which has just taken place, apropos to the unsolved questions between the disciples of Luther and Calvin. Two young women, teachers of Berne, made fanatical by their reading and the individual interpretations which it suggested, could not agree upon a point of doctrine, and finally agreed to resort to force to settle the question. The place of meeting was the most obscure part of a neighbouring wood, the hour fixed was two o clock—seconds had procured the steel weapons, for the duel was to be fought with swords. After several lively thrusts, one of the fair combatants received a severe wound in the knee, and fell upon the grass fainting. The combat ceased, but our two casuists in petticoats have already rallied a good number of adherents. It is a new element of discord with the Bernese.

An Ancient Proverb.—Nor can I otherwise than esteem the ancient proverb as a very fine one, and one which we may gladly claim for our own: *Many meet the Gods, but few salute them.* How often do the *gods* (for I will keep in the language which this proverb suggests and supplies) *meet men* in the shape of a sorrow which might be a purifying one, of a joy which might elevate their hearts to thankfulness and praise,—in a sickness or recovery, in disappointment or success; and yet how few, as it must sadly be owned, *salute* them; how few recognize their august presence in this joy or this sorrow,—this blessing added or this blessing taken away. As this proverb has referred to men's failing to see the Divine presence, so let me observe by the way there is a very grand French one, which expresses the same truth, under the image of a failing to hear the Divine voice, those voices being drowned by the deafening hubbub of the world: *The noise is so great that one cannot hear God's thunder.*

DIAMOND DUST.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

Promptness, activity, and decision seldom induce regret; while delay is often the precursor to ruin.

A cheerful face is nearly as inspiriting as fine weather.

No joy out-measures, at the best, that of a calm and honest breast.

Gold is universally worshipped without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

When thou art tempted to throw a stone in anger, try if thou canst pick it up without bending thy body; if not, stop thy hand.

The newspaper is a good sermon for the thoughtful, a library to the poor, and a blessing to every body.

It is a good thing to laugh at any rate, says Dryden; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo! the rugged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

It was a remark of Themistocles, that he preferred marrying his daughter to a man who lacked wealth than one who lacked sense.

Habit is at first like a spider's web—if neglected it becomes a thread or twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable; and who can break it!

Dean Swift said, with an ingenuity and sarcasm which has never been surpassed—"I never knew a man in all my life, who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly, like a Christian."

A fool, says the Arabian proverb, may be known by six things: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we are sure to find a sediment in the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Long life does not consist in many years, but in the period being filled with good services to our fellow-beings. He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little.

And what is righteousness, what is justice, but to give a hearing to every opinion, and to listen to the arguments by which it may be supported; to allow to truth, wherever it may be found, the opportunity to disclose itself; to grant to all the liberty of free expression.

A Humble Home.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace. So says the Rev. Charles Hamilton.

Cotton Mather used to say that there was a gentleman mentioned in the 19th chapter of Acts, to whom he was much indebted. This was the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was to do nothing rashly. Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual with him to say, "Let us first consult with the town-clerk of Ephesus." What mischief, trouble, and sorrow would be avoided in the world, were the people more in the habit of consulting this gentleman.

CHRIST A JEW,
AND A JEW'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

How unkind and how very unforgiving has the Gentile world been for eighteen hundred years. The offence committed against the Son of God has surely been the sin against the Holy Ghost that has never to be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. The maxim that we ought to write the faults of others in sand and their good deeds in marble has been reversed in our treatment of the Jews. Still many of our christian ministers and the British Parliament retain their vindictive position and charge down upon the heads of not the third and fourth generation of them that hated him, but on the families of the sixtieth generation from them that said "Crucify him, crucify him." But is the Christian world not guiltier than they in retaining this unforgiving attitude and holding the Jews so long in contempt, and calling to remembrance this murder after so many ages. The Jews may now look to heaven and say "they know not what they do." Let us remember that Jesus was a Jew, and that his first love, his first care and commands, are for this people. Let us remember that he was moved in compassion for them, that his heart yearned over them, and that now he does not love them less than he did in days of old. Let us not forget how much we are indebted to the Jews. Every Sabbath day the Jewish family of prophets, priests and patriarchs, are the medium of heavenly manna to our souls. Christianity in the first stages of its history in the critical period of its planting, when sacrifices had to be made for a church without a history, for principles put on their trial, it was Jewish flesh and blood that were called upon to labour and to suffer; and it was not until Christianity had become corrupt and allied itself with the superstitions of heathen nations by the will and power of heathen emperors, and deserted the first and great command, "*Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is* One," not until this declension did the Jews forsake the ranks of Christian labourers, martyrs, and confessors. When Christianity is purged from the dross surrounding it, which process is going on, as it was in primitive times it will be so again, the Jew and Gentile will be one in Christ Jesus. The following sentiments of a Jewish Rabbi, Mr. Noah, of New York, is not unworthy of an avowed professor of Christianity:—

"It has been said, and with some commendations on what was called my liberality, that I did not in this discourse term Jesus of Nazareth an impostor. I have never considered him as such. The impostor generally aims at temporal power,—attempts to subsidize the rich and weak believer, and draw around him followers of influence, whom he can control. Jesus was free from fanaticism; his was a quiet, subdued, retiring faith; he mingled with the poor, communed with the wretched, avoided the rich and rebuked the vain glorious. In the calm of the evening he sought shelter in the secluded groves of Olivet, or wandered pensively on the shores of Galilee. He sincerely believed in his mission. He courted no one, flattered no one; in his needed denunciations he was pointed and severe—in his religion calm and subdued. These are not characteristics of an impostor; but admitting that we give a different interpretation to his mission, when 150 millions believe in his divinity, and we see around us abundant evidences of the happiness, good faith, mild government, and liberal feelings which spring from his religion, what right has any one to call him an impostor? That religion which is calculated to make mankind great and happy, cannot be a false one."

THE POET TO THE PEOPLE.

BY GEORGIANA BENNET.

I hear, my brothers, your entreating voices,
And thus respond unto your earnest cry;
Be sure that in your joy, my heart rejoices,—
And in your griefs, upon my love rely.
I love the woods, the hills, the sea, the river,
The old majestic trees, the fragrant flowers;
The summer winds, that make the green leaves shiver,—
Like music breathed from spheres more pure than ours.

But dearer far my kind,—and the revealings
Of passions which bring good or evil fate;
Henceforth my song shall tell of human feelings,
Of trials, faith, temptation, love and hate.
Oh! be it mine, with words of holy warning,
The wanderer's steps from evil to arrest,
And win to better thoughts the hearts now scorning
The truths which, if believed, would make men blessed.

I know, my brothers, trials will assail you,
Temptations meet you on the upward way;
Sometimes your faith—your hope of good—will fail you,
Sometimes the world will lead your feet astray.
I know that when the friends we trusted fly us
We dare not feel of others' truth secure:
I know that when the rich are passing by us
Our poverty seems harder to endure.

But fear not, falter not, my suffering brothers!
OUR FATHER is "Omnipotent to save."
And he who—pure and sinless—died for others,
Taught us how we might human trials brave.
His was a life of hardship, pain and sorrow;
A death of anguish; yet he murmured not!
Oh! from his high example let us borrow
Patience and fortitude to bear our lot.

He hallowed poverty by meekly bearing
Its toils, anxieties, and many woes;
Ever, amidst his own distresses, caring
For all around him, even for his foes.
Oh, blessed Saviour! reverently we name him,
The friend of all men, God's beloved Son.
His patience, love, and faith did never fail him,
He bore the Cross until the Crown was won.

Oh, brothers? with this great example given
Of what man may attain, shall we be found
Abusing life's best gifts—careless of Heaven—
Bearing but evil fruit—cumbering the ground?
No! though our lot be toil, grief, and privation,
Our daily bread be won by daily pain,
Yet let us bravely struggle with temptation
Until we, too, unto the end attain.

GOD gave the Gospel,—in its hallowed pages—
Are the great truths on which our peace depends.
My brothers! shall we choose sins fearful wages,
Or life eternal when our Lord descends
"Come unto me," He said, "ye worn and weary,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
Oh, trust in Him, and though life here seems dreary,
Yet through our Saviour's love we shall be blessed!

CLOUDS AND TROUBLES.

The silvery clouds as they float along,
Relieving the sky's deep blue;
Or the gorgeous pile that hangs in the west,
Where the orb of day is sinking to rest,
And is steeped in golden hue.

Remind us of the fleeting joys
Of the ornamental pleasures,
That fringe our robe of daily life,
In the midst of bustle, and toil, and strife,
But are only *worldly* treasures.

We watch the clouds, and admire with awe
Their fleeting forms—their radiant glory,
They dazzle the eye and delight the mind—
When the sun declines they fade, and we find
They pass like an oft told story.

So Pleasure is grasped, but passes away,
For time will not let e'en her tarry;
We may sip all we can as she glideth along
And trimmeth our robes now and then from among
The flow'rets her handmaidens carry.

But it would not do for such flow'rets as these
To be constantly strewn in our way,
Nor yet for the sky to be always bright
With a flood of gold or silver light
From dawn till the close of day.

Ah, no! there are times when the dark clouds rise
And frowningly look o'er the earth,
When they hide the bright light of the sun from our view,
And stretch o'er the heavens their half-mourning hue
And in sorrowful tears scatter mirth

Tho' the sky, then, looks dull and the rain drops fall,
Like tears o'er the world below,
Tho' we often may sigh, and wish they'd pass by,
Yet the service they do not one can deny,
And never should murmur so.

Just so 'tis with life—its trials are sent
By a merciful Father in love,
To wean us from earth to the land where light
Shines without shadow, for ever bright,
To that home in the skies above.

Warwick. K. C.

☞ LOST PARCELS.

As several parcels of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN have been lost: the Postmaster requests that the Office from which they should have been delivered be applied to first; should they not be there, the Editor then to be written to immediately. We hope our friends who may not receive their parcels by the Seventh of the month will apply to their office, failing there, then write to us at once, and we will forward another and look after the lost one.

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